"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

The Christian Freeman.

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THROUGH SUNSHINE, THROUGH STORM.—A STORY OF MARRIED LIFE.

By Beatrice A. Jourdan.

Part I.

The taxgatherer was in the hall; he had called to demand payment of the poors'-rate, and Lucy Edgecombe stood upon the stairs listening, with burning cheeks, to the angry altercation he was carrying on with her husband.

"Why does not Edmund satisfy him?" she murmured to herself, "the money is due; we are aware of that, and to suppose that he has not so small a sum in hand seems quite absurd. Yet he worries over our expenditure, I am sure. Ah, how loud his voice is growing! Dear Edmund, what a pity it is that he should allow himself to be so easily disturbed by trifles."

Poor Lucy! she had entered upon the second year of her married life, and experience was not only teaching her that money really did possess a certain value, but was also opening her eyes to the perception of sundry faults in dear Edmund's temper, which she had once imagined to be of angelic sweetness. Yet she was neither a discontented nor unhappy woman; on the contrary, she considered herself particularly favoured in her lot, for she was married to a man whose attachment to her was undoubted, and whom she loved in return with a romantic affection. Long before he had asked her to be his he had been her hero—her beau ideal of manly excellence. His appearance, his bearing, the soft, half melancholy expression of his dark eyes, the pleasant tones of his modulated voice—all had exercised over her a sort of charm, heightening the favourable impression which had been made on her by a knowledge of his history.

Seven or eight years before Edmund Edgecombe had, indeed, acted nobly. Left an orphan at an early age, he had been educated by his father's elder brother, who had openly expressed his intention of making him his heir. In so doing Mr. Edgecombe, it must be confessed, was actuated less by affection for his nephew than by a desire to revenge himself upon his own daughter, who had married her drawing master against his consent. He had forbidden her his presence, and all the efforts which Edmund generously made to procure her pardon were of no avail. The young man had completed his education, and was taking a tour on the Continent, when the news reached him that his uncle had been seized with paralysis. He returned home in all haste, but found on his arrival that he was no longer welcome, for the sick man was being nursed by his daughter, who, through the instrumentality of an old servant, had obtained entrance to the house. The sight of her had revived her father's old affection, he talked incessantly of altering his will, and at his most earnest request a note was dispatched summoning his solicitor to his bedside, but before that note had had time to reach its destination a fresh attack came on, which deprived Mr. Edgecombe of the power of speech. He retained, in part, his consciousness, and tried repeatedly to say something that apparently had reference to his daughter, but those about him could only guess at his meaning, and after lingering for a few days in a very distressing state, he died, without having given utterance to any intelligible expression of his wishes.

When his will was opened it was found that he had bequeathed all his property to his nephew, to the total exclusion of his daughter and her children. Edmund's friends were ready, at first, to congratulate

him on his good fortune; but the young man would not allow that he had morally any right to the money, and with a generosity which was, perhaps, excessive, he insisted on resigning the whole of it to his cousin, who had wrought upon his feelings by her tales of poverty and distress. He was quite aware—how could he fail to be?—that he was doing a very magnanimous deed, but he did not boast of it offensively, or give vent to any unmanly complaints when the drawing-master's wife proved far less grateful than might reasonably have been expected. At the age of twenty-one he gave up all his pleasant dreams of devoting himself to literary and artistic pursuits, and, as a means of subsistence, entered the counting-house of a city merchant, contentedly fulfilling the not very congenial duties of a simple clerk.

Lucy had heard the whole noble story first from a mutual friend, and then from Edmund's own lips, and her admiration of his conduct amounted to enthusiasm. Her lively imagination cast a nimbus around him, investing him with a brightness of character that was almost superhuman. Since their marriage, indeed, she had discovered that he was by no means faultless; but still their life had been one of nearly unclouded happiness, until quite lately, when certain very prosaic and sublunary matters connected with £ s. d. had begun to trouble them.

Like many other young people, they had married on rather less than £300 a-year—a sufficient income in itself, but not sufficient to justify them in taking, as they did, an elegant little villa near the Regent's Park, and setting up in the approved style of a conventional lady and gentleman. Lucy, the daughter of a deceased physician, had, during her father's lifetime, been accustomed to every comfort, and had been brought up in total ignorance of housekeeping and domestic economy. She had, perhaps, been a little inclined to regard such subjects as beneath her attention, but new duties and new responsibilities were awakening her very painfully to the defects of her education.

She was a mother now—the mother of twin sons; delicate, puny children, who required continual attention and care. She wished to keep them constantly under her own eye, but this her husband would not allow, so nurses were engaged for them, and the expenses of the household increased alarmingly. Still, Edmund never complained, or attempted to remodel their style of living; but it was just at this time that his dispute with the taxgatherer brought a blush to his wife's cheeks—the first blush of shame which he had ever caused her.

"Edmund, my dear Edmund," she remonstrated, when the collector had slammed out of the house with a threat upon his tongue, "why should you put yourself into such a passion? Why did you not pay the man—the rate was due, was it not?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so, love, and I can't think what possessed me to speak as I did; but I'm apt to be a little hot at times, and the fellow was very provoking. He seemed to think I wanted to shirk paying altogether."

"Well, but you see he has called before about this rate, and so, I dare say, he thought that —. Edmund, dear, do you know it troubles me a good deal to think of our expenditure? I'm sure I could manage better if I were to keep accounts. I have never been accustomed to do so, you know, but perhaps you would just set me in the right way, and then —"

"Oh, nonsense, darling, that's more than I can undertake. I've enough of account keeping in the city, and shan't bother myself with it here, in my own dear home, where I come to rest and enjoy myself. It's too late to begin now; if we'd begun at first it would have been different."

"Nay, better late than never, if the thing is really good. I don't want you to be bothered, Edmund, but I thought if you would just allow me regularly a certain sum, however small, for household expenses, it would —"

"A reasonable demand!" he interrupted playfully, "No, no, my dear, I'm too wise to listen to that. Your housekeeping money would, I suspect, be finding its way not to the butcher's or grocer's till, but to your milliner's pocket. 'When is a bonnet not a bonnet?—When it becomes a lady.' 'When is a joint of meat not a joint of meat?—When it becomes —' No, no, that won't do. Let's see, how shall I make it out, Lucy?"

"Don't ask me to help you," she

answered, turning away in some irritation, for, like every other sensible woman, she could not endure being put off with a jest when she herself was speaking in sober earnestness.

Edmund, seeing she was vexed, kissed and soothed her, and the rest of the evening passed very pleasantly, but she never again alluded to the subject which she had tried to bring before her husband. She did not, however, forget it, or cast it from her mind; on the contrary, it harassed her more than before, and often in the night time she would lie awake devising plans of economy, and wishing vainly that, since she could not make her own and her children's clothes, she could at least turn her accomplishments to pecuniary account.

But other and more distressing cares awaited her. Her little boys, at eight months old, caught the whooping-cough, and for three weeks hovered between life and death. Ever since their birth a medical man had been in constant attendance at the house; but his advice being now deemed insufficient, a celebrated physician was called in to consult with him. Mrs. Landells, Lucy's mother, came to assist in the long, long nursing, and Lucy herself remained with her little ones night and day. But human skill and human affection were alike powerless to save the life of the younger, and apparently the healthier of the twins. A change for the better seemed coming over him, and his parents' hopes were just beginning to revive when the poor little fellow was seized with convulsions, and died quite suddenly in his mother's arms.

Edmund was absent in the city at the time, but his wife declined her mother's proposal of sending a telegram to summon him home. She wished to be the first to tell him of his child's death, and in the evening, when she caught the sound of his well-known knock, she went herself to open the door. A gas lamp was burning in the hall, and as its light fell upon his face she exclaimed involuntarily, "Then you've heard it, Edmund, you've heard it!"

He turned from her to close the house-door, saying as he did so, "Heard—heard what, Lucy?"

"Why, you must know—you surely have heard?" and she again looked up at him. Her own face was pale with suppressed emotion, but his was of a ghastly whiteness, and she fancied there was something unnatural in the tone of his voice, though he seemed to be struggling for composure. "I am sure you must know," she said, leading him into the dining room, and making him sit down in an easy chair, "how did you hear it, love? It was very sudden at last—poor little darling."

"What do you mean?" said Edmund, awakening as if from a dream, "you've no bad news to tell me, have you, of—of Teddie?"

"Yes, dearest, yes," said his wife, kneeling down beside him, and laying her tearful cheek against his shoulder; "I knew you would feel it very much, you were so very fond of him. Dear little boy, he is gone, he has been taken from us. This afternoon, about two o'clock, he —" her speech was broken by a sob.

"I can't believe it," gasped her husband, "I can't believe it, Lucy. I thought he was better."

"Then you did'nt know it?" she exclaimed.

"No; what made you fancy I did?"

"Oh, because you looked so very ill, so white, when you first came in."

"Did I? I was not aware of it. You see you came upon me very suddenly, and —"

"Ah! you saw by my face that something was the matter, and that gave you instantly a sort of shock. Poor Edmund, it was my fault. I ought to have told you more gently. It must be terrible for you, I know, for you still had hope. As for myself, I can't be sorry—not altogether sorry, that —. It is a comfort to think that he suffers no more; and, dearest, we shall go to him, though he will not return to us."

Edmund did not speak or take any notice of his wife's caresses; with a stony, tearless face, he sat staring at the fire.

"Edmund," said Lucy, growing alarmed, "it is very sad, but don't look like that. We did what we could for him, poor darling, and surely we may trust that He who gave him to us will take care of him still."

"Why didn't I die for him!" cried the bereaved father, suddenly; "I wish I had! I wish I had! My little boy—my little, innocent, darling boy!"

"You musn't speak so," returned Lucy, in deep distress; "dear Edmund, if I had lost you it would have been—oh, more than I could have borne, almost! Besides, you must believe it is for the best. You, love, who are so good, so religious —"

"Don't!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was sharp with pain, "don't say that; I can't bear it—not just now;" and, gently pushing her away from him, he refused, for a while, to be comforted.

Many weeks passed away, and Lucy's spirits began to revive, but it seemed as if Edmund could not recover from the grief which his child's death had caused him. He appeared, on the contrary, to be suffering from increasing depression of mind, though he endeavoured to conceal it by assuming a lightness of manner that was really unnatural to him. His wife watched him with some anxiety, for she perceived that his appetite was uncertain and his sleep disturbed.

"You must see Mr. Simpson," she said. "It is very wrong to be going on in this way; mamma was saying so to-day, and asking why you didn't have advice."

"Advice! nonsense; you're frightening yourself about nothing. I'm quite well, perfectly well; I am, indeed. So your mother has been here to-day, has she? She's well, I hope; and how's your brother?"

"Oh, Tom's very well, mamma says, only he will smoke so much. But, Edmund, I was saying —"

"When did your mother go back to Highgate—in the afternoon?"

"About five. She likes to be home, you know, before Tom returns from town. I was going to tell you, though, Edmund, that mamma thought you were looking very thin and worn last time she saw you."

"I'm much obliged to her for the compliment, my dear! By the bye, what did she say to your plan of dismissing Barnes, and keeping only a shabby little nurse-girl for our big boy?"

"Well, she was rather against it at first, but I convinced her that we could manage perfectly well. Jamie will soon be on his feet, and I, as you very well know, should be quite willing to take care of him entirely just for the present; it's so desirable to save expense, is it not, love?"

"Of course it is," replied her husband with something like a groan, "at least I suppose it is better; I don't know that it much matters. Did your mother bring any news, Lucy, domestic or otherwise?"

"No, nothing particular. Tom had heard a report that your cousin Margaret's husband had been getting into difficulties again, but it may not be true."

"It may not be, or it may, it's just as likely as not. I expected that that little whipper-snapper of a drawing-master would be coming to a smash."

"How coolly you take it! I was almost afraid of telling you, I thought you would be so vexed. After all you have done for your cousin it seems so provoking. However, though they may not have profited by the sacrifice you made, that does not diminish its worth. No good deed is ever really lost."

"One good deed won't last a man through life, Lucy."

"What do you mean? I don't understand you; of course it won't in a certain way. I was thinking only this morning how awful those words were, "When the righteous man turns away from his righteousness and commits iniquity.'"

"Ah, I was looking upon the subject from a merely human point of view," interrupted Edmund rather quickly. "But I know," he added, trying to smile, "that you are fond of preaching, Lucy."

"And so used *you* to be. I have often thought what a pity it was you were not a clergyman. But, poor Edmund, you are tired, and I won't chatter now, I have done you harm enough already. Mamma thinks (and Lucy lowered her voice as she spoke) that my coming upon you so suddenly that sad evening must have given a shock to your system from which you've never rallied. It was very thoughtless of me to act as I did."

"Nonsense, love! don't be so ridiculous as to blame yourself about nothing at all. The idea of your doing me harm! But pray don't fancy me ill. I've only got a headache, and that makes me rather stupid, I think.'

"Ah, you're always complaining of headaches now. I'm inclined to think that you're overworked, which you certainly ought not to be, considering how valuable you are at the counting-house. Mr. Hugh Pearson says such things of you; mamma was tell-

ing me so to-day, she hears it from old Mr. Gibson, your senior clerk, who lives, you know, on Highgate-hill. I sometimes wonder, dear, whether you'll ever be junior partner, or at least 'Co.' to 'Pearson Brothers.' It would be a great rise in life, but surely not an unlikely one."

"More than unlikely—impossible, Lucy, so don't talk about it. They think well of me, though, do they—the Pearsons, I mean?"

"Yes; were you so modest as to doubt it?" she answered, looking fondly into his dark eyes, which she still thought very handsome. "I know you hold yourself too cheap, Edmund, and it wouldn't be at all a profitable speculation to buy you at other peoples' estimation and sell you at your own."

He laughed, or tried to laugh, and the conversation passed into another channel; Lucy secretly determining that if her husband's health did not improve, she would allow him no rest until he had consulted Mr. Simpson.

Edmund consented at last to receive medical advice, and the doctor pronounced him to be suffering from "want of tone." With a view to setting him to rights he prescribed steel, port wine, and all sorts of strengthening things, but though these remedies were duly tried they produced no visible effect. The two Mr. Pearsons perceived that their clerk was looking pale and haggard, and of their own accord offered him a fortnight's holiday, which he most steadily declined. His indisposition appeared, however, to increase, and he was, indeed, almost compelled to absent himself for one day from the counting-house. But the brief interval of rest seemed to do him harm rather than good, and when on the following morning he started for the city at an unusually early hour his poor wife felt positively glad to get rid of him, so greatly had his restlessness disturbed and worried her.

That night he returned home with flushed cheeks, and a strange brightness in his eyes. "Lucy," he said, crushing her hand in his, while she was attempting to feel his pulse, "I—I—am not very well to-night, I own, and I think I must have a change. It may surprise you, perhaps, but I have quite made up my mind to go away."

"Have you, Edmund? What, soon?"

"Ah, yes, very soon indeed; to-night, or to-morrow morning; sea air will do me more good than anything, I'm convinced of it now, and I must go. Let's see, what o'clock is it? Ah, past eight. It's too late to think of it to-night, then, but to-morrow, by the earliest train, I start for Dover."

"Alone!" exclaimed Lucy, with a swelling in her throat, "are you going alone?" And a dreadful suspicion for a moment crossed her mind.

"Alone!" he repeated; "why, yes, I'm afraid I must go alone, unless—my love, it won't do for you to come with me."

"Yes, it will," she answered, her countenance brightening immediately. I should not be afraid; though, as you say, it is very sudden. Can you be spared from the city, Edmund?"

"Oh yes, of course, and, any how, I must go. I dare say we shall be back in a few days and all will be right."

"Yes, my brain will be right, I mean. It's in a complete whirl now, and has been so all day. I don't think I know very well what I'm saying. But as soon as I get to the sea I shall be better. Dover is my native place, you know, and I thought we might take a trip across to Calais to see my mother's half-brother, Mr. Delavigne; he was very kind in writing to us, you know, at the time of our marriage. You would n't mind going so far, would you?"

He glanced at her partially as he spoke, and she answered slowly, "I shouldn't object if you really think a complete change of scene would do you good. Still, if we take Jamie—"

"Ah, poor little fellow, I forgot him. Yes, he must go with us, I suppose, but then we must take the nurse-girl as well."

"Certainly not. I shall take charge of him myself. Jane must be left behind to mind the house with Marianne. I don't much like leaving them, but, fortunately, Marianne is tolerably steady, and, of course, we shall only be away a very short time."

"My dear, I fear it is not prudent for you to go at all."

"Perhaps not, but you seem bent upon it, and I can't suffer you to go alone. Yet, why need we start to-morrow? Surely Friday would be better, and I should then have time to write to mamma."

Nothing, however, seemed to satisfy

Edmund but the prospect of starting immediately, and his wife yielded to his wishes, regarding them as the wayward fancies of a nervous invalid. She had formed a new theory to account for the peculiar state of mental depression into which he had fallen. He had, she knew, thought much and deeply on religious subjects, and at the time of their marriage had held a cheerful, enlightened faith which had influenced her own. But, latterly he had appeared to shrink from any conversation connected, however remotely, with religion, and she feared that he, like many another noble spirit, had involved himself in a maze of speculative doubt and difficulty. For a moment she thought of asking him whether this were the case, but the question died away upon her lips, for it seemed to her almost like profanation to interfere with his inner life. So she only petted and soothed him, and persuading him to retire early to rest, spent the greater part of the night in preparing for the morrow's journey.

(Concluded in our next).

TO THE BOYS.

UP AND DOING.

Boys, be up and doing,
For the day 's begun
Soon will come the noontide,
Then the set of sun;
At your task toil bravely
Till your work is done.

Let your hands be busy
In some useful way;
Don't neglect your study,
Don't forget your play;
For each there's time enough
Every blessed day.

You will soon be men, boys,
Soon will have to take
The places of your fathers,
Fill it for their sakes;
And in all that's noble
Pray be wide awake!

Boys, be kind and friendly;
Lend a helping hand
To the weak and feeble,
Till alone they stand;
And in loving others
Fulfil God's command.

Don't be mean and selfish,
Stoop not to deceit:
In all things be manly;
Life will then be sweet,
And Death's coming find you
With your work complete!

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

PAST DURATION OF OUR RACE.

As we have admitted an article on the possible duration of our race extending in the past over tens of thousands of years, we are requested to admit a few words on the other side.

"Does the unwritten history of our race reach back to an antiquity incompatible with prevalent views upon the age of man? Here, as elsewhere, the enemies of revelation have sought material for the use of unbelievers.* They have sought in vain. There is more in the history of primeval man that confirms our Scriptures than there is in conflict with them. We have persistently held the race to be about six thousand years old; but our researches show that man lived with the bear, hyena, mammoth, and other animals now extinct, and some of which became extinct on the decline of the glacial epoch. It is not claimed that man lived before the glacial epoch, and the evidences of his contemporaneous existence with the reign of ice have been proved fallacious. The remains of man, reputed to have been found in the glacial drifts of the valley of the Somme, are in truth buried in deposits of a much later date, as has been shown by Dr. Andrews, of Chicago, as well as by others. Man had no place till after the reign of ice. But it has been imagined that the close of the reign of ice dates back perhaps a hundred thousand years. There is no evidence of this. The cone of drift material accumulated at the mouth of the Tiniere, in which have been found human remains, was estimated by Morlot to be from ninety-six to one hundred and forty-three thousand years old; but Dr. Andrews has exposed a curious arithmetical blunder, the correction of which reduces the time to within five thousand years. We have no rule for the measurement of post-tertiary time which necessitates the admission of so high antiquity to our race. If we have been accustomed to think of the extinction of the cave-bear as dating back to high antiquity, we now discover that he lived with man, and the reindeer, and other animals which still survive. The exist-

* It is wrong to call those who believe in the great antiquity of man enemies of the Bible. We reverence the Bible, we believe in revelations from God, and we also believe in the great antiquity of our race.—Ed. C. F.

ence of even the cave-bear may not have been so very remote. What are the reasons assigned for the prevalent opinion that it was many years ago that the glaciers began to disappear from Europe? Simply the existence at that time of the quadrupeds now extinct, together with the presumption, unsupported, as it seems by the facts, that no animals have co-existed with man except those of the recent fauna. The fact is that we came ourselves upon the earth in time to witness the retreat of the glaciers. They still linger in the valleys of the Alps and along the northern shores of Europe and Asia, while the disappearance of animals once contemporaneous to man are still continuing. Not only did contemporaries of man become extinct during the age of stone; some survived to the twelfth, fourteenth, and sixteenth centuries, as already stated; the Moa of New Zealand, and the Aepiornis of Madagascar, have become extinct with the epoch of tradition; so indeed has the Mammoth of North America; the Dodo of Mauritius disappeared in the seventeenth century; the Great Auk of the Arctic regions has not been seen for half a century, and every one must be convinced that the beaver, elk, panther, buffalo, and other quadrupeds of North America are approaching extinction by perceptible steps. The fact is we are not so far out of the dust, and chaos, and barbarism of antiquity as we had supposed. The very beginnings of our race are still almost in sight. Geological events, which, from the force of habit in considering geological events, we had imagined to be located far back in the history of things, are found to have transpired at our very doors. Our own race has witnessed the dissolution of those continental glaciers which we have so long talked of as incidents of pre-Adamic history. Our own race has witnessed the submergence of thousands of square miles of the coast of China, so that the seats of ancient capitals are now rocky islets far at sea; the emergence of the ancient country of Lectonia; the drainage of the vast lake which once overspread the prairies of Illinois; the alternation of forests, and many other events which we once associated with high antiquity. . . . There is no more reason in this day than fifty years ago to claim a hundred thousand years for the past duration of our race."

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

Lord, open the door, for I falter;
I faint in this stifled air;
In dust and straightness I lose my breath;
This life of self is a living death;
Let me into thy pastures broad and fair,
To the sun and the wind from thy mountain free,
Lord, open the door to me.

There is a holier life, and truer,
Than ever my heart has found;
There is a nobler work than is wrought within
These walls so charred by the fires of sin,
Where I toil like a captive blind and bound.
An open door to a freer task
In thy nearer smile I ask.

Yet the world is thy field, thy garden;
On earth art thou still at home,
When thou bendest hither thy hallowing eye
My narrow work-room seems vast and high,
Its dingy ceiling a rainbow dome.
Stand ever thus at my wide-swung door,
And toil will be toil no more.

Through the rosy portals of morning
Now the tides of sunshine flow;
O'er the blossoming earth and glistening sea
The praise thou inspirest rolls back to thee;
Its tones through the infinite arches go;
Yet crippled and dumb, behold me wait,
Dear Lord, at the Beautiful Gate.

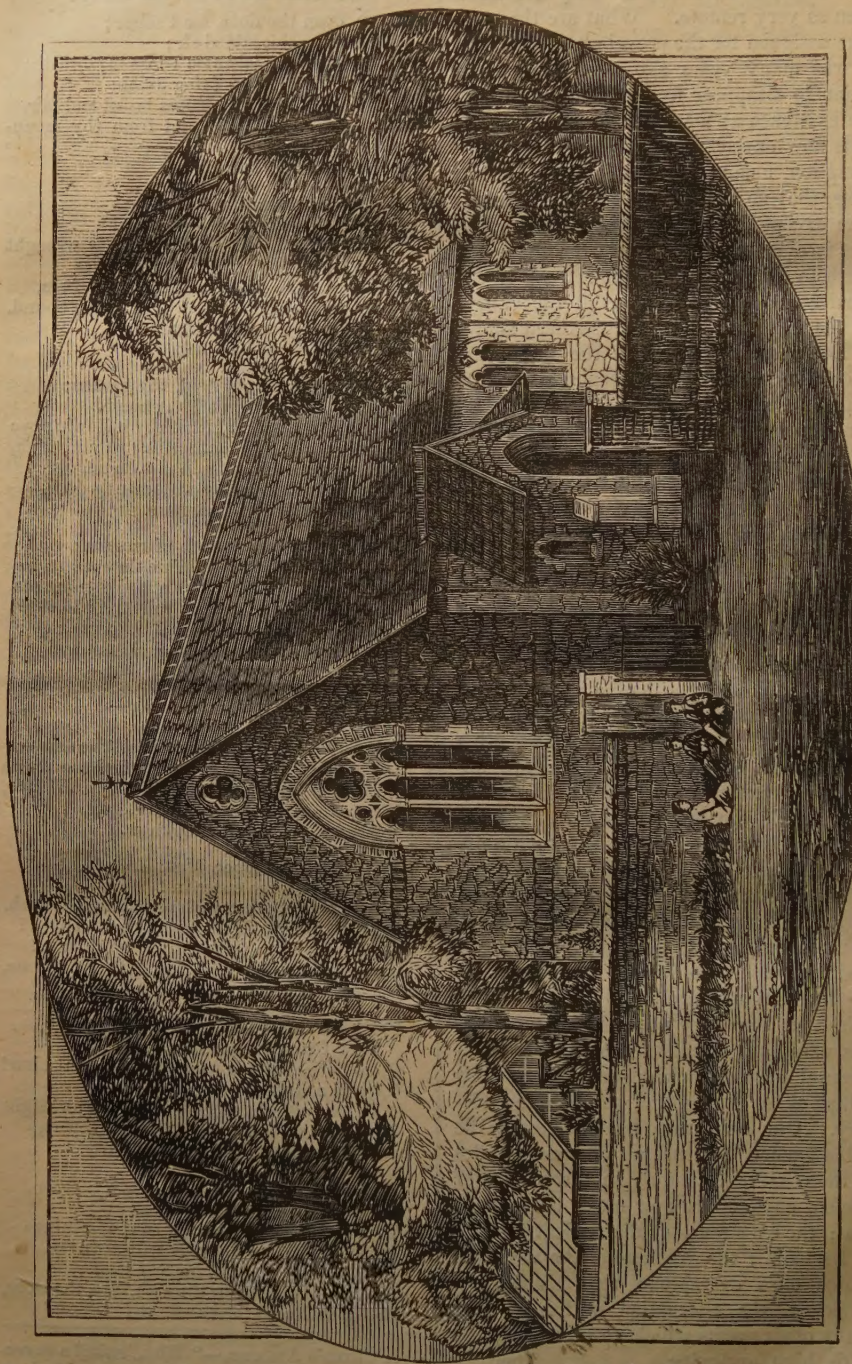
I wait for thy hand of healing—
For vigour and hope in thee.
Open wide the door—let me feel the sun—
Let me touch thy robe; I shall rise and run
Through thy happy universe, safe and free,
Where in and out thy beloved go,
Nor want nor wandering know.

Thyself art the Door, Most Holy!
By thee let me enter in!
I press towards thee with my failing strength,
Unfold thy love in its breadth and length!
True life from thine let my spirit win!
To the saint's fair city, the Father's throne,
Thou, Lord, art the way alone.

From the deeps of unseen glory,
Now I feel the flooding light;
O, rare sweet winds from the hills that blow!
O, river so calm in its crystal flow!
O, love unfathomed—the depth, the height
What joy wilt thou not unto me impart,
When thou shalt enlarge my heart!

To be made with thee one spirit,
Is the boon that I lingering ask;
To have no bar' twixt my soul and thine—
My thoughts to echo why will divine—
Myself thy servant, for any task.
Life! life! I may enter through thee, the Door,
Saved, sheltered for evermore!

A Child's Answer.—"Why," asked a governess of her little charge, "do we pray God to give us our daily bread? Why don't we ask for four days, or five days, or a week?" "We want it fresh!" replied the ingenuous child.



MEAD ROW CHAPEL, GODALMING.

MEAD-ROW CHAPEL, GODALMING.

It is now over eighty years since the first chapel was erected and a Church constituted at Mead-row, Godalming. The founders of the Church were General Baptists; and for a considerable time the peculiar rites and the distinguishing doctrines of that section of the Church were practised and taught. It is interesting to notice the growth of the Church, as presented to us in its history, from a narrow and exclusive community to a truly catholic one. At one of the earliest meetings of the members of the Church it was decided that "members of this Church ought not to join in matters relating to the worship of God with a Church that is not built on the same foundation as itself."

In the year 1818 we have indications of a broader and more liberal spirit, for it was determined "That good Christian characters of every denomination, though not of this or any other General Baptist Church, shall be at liberty to sit down with us at the Lord's table."

In 1841, it having been found that many who did not practise believers' baptism were in the habit of assembling at Mead-row Chapel for public worship, and, by their presence and contributions and other acts, did in reality constitute the Church, it was determined "that baptism should not henceforth be demanded of those who might wish to be considered members of the Church"

A few years later the important questions were raised, whether Christianity was a *dogma* or a *life;* whether the freest expression of opinion upon all theological and historical matters could exist in harmony with a reverent piety. From that time the Church became a *free* Church. "All who desire to enter the Church have little else demanded of them than a sincere desire to join us. We impose no obnoxious tests; we desire to worship with all who desire to worship with us."

Thus gradually and quietly did the Church progress from an exclusive to a broad and comprehensive Church, willing to embrace in its membership all good men irrespective of their speculative opinions.

The following are the names of the ministers:—The Revs. John Ellis, 1789; John Ellis, jun., 1804; Thomas Moore, 1814; Edwin Chapman, 1841; Maxwell Davidson, 1846; John Robertson, 1853; Joseph Smith, 1854; Percy Bakewell, B.A., 1862; W. J. Smyth, 1867; W. A. Clarke, 1869, the present minister.

The new chapel was opened on the 10th of July, 1870, by the Rev. R. Spears.

This handsome chapel is nearly free from debt. Our friends here would be glad of a little help to free them entirely. Address, T. Cooke, Esq., Guildford, Surrey.

MORNING.

"This infancy of being cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God."

[It is a remarkable fact, that when any of the divine writers speak of the resurrection from the dead, they mention it as a matter of most lively joy to all, nor do any of them intimate that in the resurrection men are to be divided, and some raised for one purpose and some for another. Paul says, "I have a hope toward God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and the unjust." Now, please to observe that the resurrection, even of the unjust, was with the Apostle an object of hope. If he had believed that the unjust were to be raised up to be tormented he would not have said that he hoped for it; he might indeed have said, as men now often say, he was *afraid* that it would be so, but as a *feeling* man he could not have *hoped* for it. So with all the divine writers, they set forth the resurrection as a matter of lively hope, and whenever they mention it they break out in expressions of ecstatic joy. This single circumstance is sufficient of itself to prove that they regarded the resurrection state as a blessing, for had they looked upon it as a means of introducing a greater part of the human family into a life worse by far than non-existence, they would have mourned over it as a calamity rather than rejoiced at it as the richest and most valuable of blessings.]

The gates of day are opening wide,
Light rushes forth o'er land and sea,
The mist lies on the mountain side,
The woodlands ring with melody,
The lark now carols by the cloud
That lingers 'neath the heavens blue,
And chanticleer, right bold and proud,
Awakes the hamlet folks anew.

Now through the glade the swallows float,
Twittering 'midst the balmy scene,
The shadow of the peasant's cot
Is laid along the flowery green,
While on his orient golden throne
Of downy clouds the sun appears,
And every knoll and moss-clad stone
Now seems suffused in joyous tears.

'Tis thus the Power that all obey
Doth mental darkness dissipate;
'Tis thus will break the glorious day
For which the meek in spirit wait.
The tender leaf precedes the rose,
And chilly winds oft usher May,
So dawn of life can ne'er disclose
The grandeur of its "perfect day."

Newcastle-on-Tyne. W. Magee.

THE BOOK OF GENESIS AND CREATION.

[To the Editor.]

I see you have an article in The Christian Freeman upon "Science and Religion." This reminded me of a few remarks I had got in my scrap book, made by me about twenty-five years ago to a company of sceptics upon the scripture account of the creation. I thought it would not offend you if I sent them to you; and if you think right to publish them they are at your service. I have no wish for my own sake to appear in print, and although I have set my name to the paper, you can leave that out if you print it.

Verse 1. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." The word "*beginning*" does not define the time when the creation commenced, which creation may have been by gradual means through a long period.

Verse 2. "And the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." This may signify that the earth as such had no existence; but waters (or perhaps gases) are mentioned, out of which the earth and the other planets may have been formed; for it seems from what follows in the account that the creation spoken of refers to our planetary system as a whole. The spirit of God may mean the power of God, or it may be merely a Hebraism, and mean a great wind or motion amongst the gases; the expression being similar to such as "mountains of God," "rivers of God," &c., meaning great mountains, great rivers, &c. The darkness referred to simply conveys the idea of the absence of light amongst the gases. From the third to the fifth verse inclusive the work of the first day is described; the word *day* meaning a period of time of indefinite length, as is proved by its use in the fourth verse of the second chapter, where it is used as including the *whole time* creation occupied. It is used in a similar sense in the Book of Psalms, in allusion to the temptation in the wilderness. "The day of temptation"—a period of forty years. "*God said, let there be light.*" When God is said to speak and the work is done we are not to suppose that it is done at once and immediately, but that it is certain to be done in some time. Light may have been produced by continued motion amongst the gases, as alluded to by the expression, "The spirit, or breath of God, moved upon the face of the waters." Light is here formed before the sun, which may have been in luminous clouds floating in space, before they became concentrated round the body of that globe. The words *evening* and *morning* deserve notice. The evening,, being first mentioned, may refer to the state of darkness and imperfection previously existing to the more perfect state of the day's work, intimated by the word *morning*. From the sixth to the eighth verse inclusive we have the second day's work, or long period occupied in making the firmament, or expanse, which divided the waters from the waters (or gases), so as to cause them to lie in masses at distances suitable to produce from them the several planets of our system. The third day's work is recorded from the ninth to the thirteenth verse, and refers to the progress made in the formation of our own planet. The waters had been gathered together, and dry land appears. Solid land and liquid water had been produced from the floating gasses, and vegetables are caused to spring up. Vegetables seem to have been the first occupants of the earth; which geology shows to have been the case, and this account substantially agrees with the *primary period* of geologists. The fourth day's work is spoken of from verses fourteen to nineteen, which period is occupied by the formation of the sun and moon, and concentrating the luminous clouds around the sun, and so causing this great light to become one of the two ruling the day and the night; the moon appearing as a reflecting body, and the planets reflecting the light in their several situations; and thus he made the stars also (or planets of our system). The fifth day's work is described in verses twenty to twenty-three, namely, the gradual production of the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea; from which account it appears that the sea first produced animal life. This also substantially agrees with the accounts of geologists; and observe that this is the second day's work particularly belonging to our earth, and agrees with the secondary period of geologists. The sixth day's work is referred to in verses twenty-four

to thirty-one, and is the third period regarding the earth, and agrees with the tertiary period of geologists. Mention is here made of animals being produced upon the land, and apparently before man was formed, he being the last created. Geologists tell us that man is comparatively a recent animal, and we should conclude from reason that he must be so, for he could not live upon the earth until it could supply his wants. In the second chapter, from the first to the fourth verse, the seventh day is mentioned as a state of rest. God having completed His work and established the laws of nature, creation goes on under them and God is said to rest. Not that He does not still renew and govern His works; but, all things being settled, stillness comparatively prevails, and no new creation comes forth; no new species of anything has since arisen; no two can be united so as to propagate. The laws are settled. Confusion cannot enter. The Sabbath has come. The fourth verse of the second chapter is a summing up of the whole: "These are the generations of the heavens and the earth, when they were created, in the *day* that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." H.

WHY I JOINED THE UNITARIAN CHURCH.

I FOUND, after a patient and prayerful reading of the Bible my religious convictions were decidedly Unitarian. I had hitherto been a member—without egotism, I may say a useful member—of a Trinitarian church. I soon openly avowed my Unitarianism, for religious truth was never designed to be the private property of any man. I was silenced from public service, but told that I might remain a member of my church, if I would be quiet and keep my Unitarianism to myself. My kindest friends counselled me to pursue this course. My earthly prospects were certainly all on the side of this cowardly way of shelving the truth. The position I had arrived at had given me much anxiety, and I rejoiced in the discovery of the truth as it is in Jesus; so I said to my friends, "I must cast in my lot with those who make open profession of the faith I rejoice in, and do my best that it may triumph." And they have respected me ever since.

HOW TO BE HANDSOME.

MOST people like to be handsome. Nobody denies the greater power which any person may have who has a good face, and who attracts you by good looks, even before a word has been spoken. And we see all sorts of devices in men and women to improve their good looks—paints and washes, and all kinds of cosmetics, including a plentiful anointing with dirty hair oil.

Now, not every one can have good features. They are as God made them; but almost any one can look well, especially with good health. It is hard to give rules in a very short space, but in brief these will do:

Keep clean—wash freely and universally with cool water. All the skin wants is leave to act freely, and it will take care of itself. Its thousands of air holes must not be plugged up.

Eat regularly and simply. The stomach can no more work all the time, night and day, than a horse? It must have regular work and regular rest.

Good teeth are a help to good looks. Brush them with a soft brush, especially at night. Go to bed with the teeth clean. Of course, to have white teeth it is needful to let tobacco alone. Every woman knows that. And any powder or wash for the teeth should be very simple. Acids may whiten the teeth, but they take off the enamel or injure it.

Sleep in a cool room, in pure air. No one can have a clear skin who breathes bad air. But, more than all, in order to look well—wake up the mind and soul. When the mind is awake the dull, sleepy look passes away from the eyes. I do not know that the brain expands, but it seems to. Think, read—not trashy novels, but books that have something in them. Talk with people who know something; hear lectures and learn by them.

This is one good of preaching. A man thinks and works, and tells us the result. And if we listen, and hear, and understand, the mind and soul are worked up.

If the spiritual nature is aroused, so much the better.

We have seen a plain face really glorified by the love of God and man which shone through it.

THE BRAVE SWABIAN.

"He loved his enemy."

In a village in Swabia there lived, in the middle of the last century, a young peasant named George Langhans, a handsome and well built man, industrious on his parents' land, handy in domestic matters, and beloved in the whole village. Above all, however, he was beloved by Rosine Pfullinger, a beautiful maiden, who had been brought up with him; and as their parents had nothing to object to their love, they were on the point of being married. Now, however, at this very time the seven years' war broke out, and the German kingdom of that period appointed a new army by the Emperor's command, in order to humble the proud King of Prussia, (whose object, however, failed); and as nothing inclined Swabia to the affair, and—the worthless ones excepted—no one of his own will wished to assume the regimentals, the young peasants were taken away with force by the recruiting officers, and dispatched to the army. Thus, also, a few days before his marriage was George Langhans dragged out of his bed, and you may now imagine with what heart he marched away, not to matrimony, but to battle, and how his poor bride was affected by the event.

A brave man, however, must know how to exist in every condition, and George Langhans was as brave a Swabian as lived anywhere between the Rhine and the Neckar. So also in battle he did his duty as well as any other, and often even better—was the foremost in assault and the last in flight—and that flight occurred so often, was, at least, not his fault: since whoever saw him on such an occasion must certainly think that the imperial army would no doubt have gained more honour if all had acquitted themselves as our Langhans. This spirit he showed once in particular, but to his misfortune:—As he lay with his company in I know not what small town, in order to protect a magazine, the enemy had received intimation thereof. In the night a troop of Hussars from a Prussian free corps makes an assault, mows down the imperial troops, and has already made two-thirds prisoners, when George Langhans yet unceasingly defends his freedom against the enemy that is surrounding him. In vain do they call to him to surrender himself. He strikes out in different directions, and knows nothing about imprisonment, until, at last, the officer gives him a blow on the head, and another in the neck, and a few stabs in the breast into the bargain. Then Langhans fell to the ground, and was in the morning taken up for dead. As he, however, yet lived, he was taken into the hospital; and after he had been there for three-fourths of a year, been drawn backwards and forwards by ignorant surgeons, with mean food and bad attendance, he was at last permitted, because he was unfit for service, to limp towards home, on two crutches, in his torn regimentals.

You will not now be astonished if the last epoch of his soldier-life, in which he had fared so against his pleasure and desire, had rendered the whole war distasteful to him, and left behind in him a bitter and revengeful feeling, and that he retained in particular a deep rancour against the officer who, as he thought, had treated him much too cruelly. The blow upon his head, he was accustomed to say, he would perhaps have excused: that was the fortune of war; but that the additional blows and stabs were manifestly too much.

In fact, the poor fellow—partly through his wounds, partly through the treatment of them—had been so roughly handled that no one could recognise him in his native village. His bride alone knew him, but when she looked upon him, how he went so pitifully upon his crutches, and thought of his appearance—what it had formerly been—her heart was nigh to breaking, and she had a difficulty to restrain her tears in his presence. For a long time she could not become contented, and, in her bitter pain she implored God to punish him who had so mangled her beloved. The prayer was certainly not right: but God will have pardoned it in consideration of her pain and her love. Nevertheless, she prepared to marry George. How would she have found it in her heart to abandon now the true soul, when her loving care was even more necessary than ever?

Some years had now elapsed, and peace was concluded, and George sat one evening with his wife under the walnut trees which stood before his house, and told tales about the war. There came along the street a foreign looking wayfarer, pale and thin, in

worn out clothing, with a knapsack on his back, in which there was but little. He saluted the married pair with the becoming manner of a man who, perhaps, had once been accustomed to command, and asked for an evening meal. The salutation was returned with friendliness. "Sit here and rest," said George, and pointed to the bank near him; moreover, with a gentle pressure of the hand, he sent his wife into the kitchen to make ready an evening meal for the wanderer.

While this took place, George—with whom a conversation could readily be gained—entered into discourse with the stranger. The latter related how, during the war, he had been a lieutenant of a free corps—how his company was dissolved after the war, and how, after having offered his services in several countries, he at that time suffered extreme hunger.

At this narration George fixed his eyes keenly upon the speaker. His voice seemed familiar to him: and the more he looked upon him the more convinced he was the very same who had so severely mutilated him at the nocturnal surprise. In order now to be yet more certain in the matter he said, "I also have served in the field, and you see how I am marked, since that it is the reason why my neck is so much awry." Then he told how he had come by his wounds, and passed over no circumstance, not even the smallest. Then the stranger was quite wan, for he remembered the event only too well, although his host was not pointed out to him in such a manifest way as he was to his host; and in his heart he might well think that he had here, indeed, fallen into the lion's den. George noticed the man's terror, and said—at first with elevated tone: "I know you well, sir lieutenant; I know that you are the very same that made me a cripple. I, indeed, and my wife also, have often thought of you with rancour, and indignation; but as God's will has conducted you under my roof—here he reached out to him his hand, and added with genuine friendship — you shall be welcome to my very heart. What has happened cannot be altered; and I see in your appearance that you are now sorry for it; that is enough. If the food of a poor peasant suit you, remain with me as long as you like, and fortune will be more favourable to you; George Langhans will always be to you a friendly host."

You may now perhaps realise to yourself how much the stranger, who had expected something quite different, was astonished at the offer of the Swabian. With deep emotion he fell upon his neck, thanked him for his magnanimity, and, repentant, spoke of his former crime against him. During this embrace came the wife, who now was ready with her meal. She perceived everything with few words; and, angry as she had formerly been against the Lieutenant, she yet reached out her hand to him, and said, "What George wills is agreeable and proper to me also. Let everything be forgiven and forgotten."

Now they ate their soup together from one dish, and tears fell from the lieutenant's eyes upon the bread which George cut for him. For a long time it had not fared so well with him as now, in the house of his enemy. Seventeen months he remained with him, and worked with him, and helped where he could, and as well as he understood it. But although he did not eat his bread idly, it was yet oppressive to him to be so long a burden upon another: and henceforth he looked out for a service, but could not obtain one. One evening George was returning from the city, whither he had carried corn to market, and even from a distance cried out to his guest, "Good news, lieutenant: war has again broke out. A free corps is enrolled, and you can enter immediately, I myself have spoken with the commandant, and everything is in proper order. You have but to look out for weapons and clothing." The lieutenant, who, in the beginning of this speech, had appeared very joyous, changed countenance at the last words, looked towards heaven, then down upon the earth, and a tear trembled in his eyes. "Be quite without anxiety," said George; "I take it upon myself." And on the self-same evening he went to a friend, borrowed a hundred thalers upon a piece of ground, and gave these to his guest. George was not a rich man; the repayment was to all appearances uncertain. Whether or not it was ever completed I know not. At all events, this noble Swabian received from heaven the reward of his action. George Langhans, the peasant, and Rosine his wife performed their Christian duty. Go, and do thou likewise.

COLOUR-BLIND SIGNALMEN AND MORAL BLIND MINISTERS.

A HINT TO CONGREGATIONS.

RECENTLY several most lamentable and fatal accidents have taken place on our railways, and the blame has been divided between the signalmen and the engine-drivers, for they have made conflicting statements concerning the red, green, and white lights displayed; and this confusion of testimony has very properly led some thoughtful men to the reflection that the human eye does not always clearly distinguish the difference of colours, and thus it is possible that those men who have been the immediate causes of serious accidents, at sea and on the land, have been so through no negligence but the misfortune of a temporary colour-blindness, and that we must be careful about treating men as criminals who are no criminals, who have only for a time lost the power of discriminating between the different signal colours on board of ships and at railway crossings and stations. That there are people who are, for longer or shorter periods, colour-blind is simply a matter of fact, almost universally admitted. We have known very intelligent men who could not distinguish red from blue, permanently disqualified, and made no secret of it, and the writers in the public papers on this question adduce many illustrations among their own friends; so they advise that frequent trials should be made of those who are entrusted with such a responsible office that their faculty of seeing objects is unimpaired, clear, and correct, and hence some accidents may in future be avoided. We recommend the hint that the officers of steamboats, and ships, and railway companies put their servants now and then through a kind of drill; and the advice may be enlarged. It is not less important, but even more so, that the ministers of congregations, who are to some extent the signalmen, in a moral sense, should not be colour-blind, or, we ought to say, moral-blind men. If trains have been smashed up, and the bodies of our fellow-citizens battered and shattered through a colour-blind signalman, so have our churches suffered terribly from moral-blind pastors. We could cite the stations where those sad catastrophes have taken place, and tell the names of the signalmen who have brought those disasters upon a flourishing cause. We have known the preacher removed before he has crushed the entire life out of a church, and he has been accepted at another station, where, for a time, he has carried on the same work of moral devastation from his purblind state. Is there no remedy for this? Do railway companies accept of a servant who has been turned away for his negligence, or some natural disqualification, from a position of trust?—They do not. A man who is the cause of disaster at one station is turned adrift after his imprisonment and suffering, and told to look after a less responsible position, for property and human lives can be no longer under his care. The children of this world are wiser in their way than the members of our congregations. We have known a minister who was a public scandal (it might be, we admit, through a moral defect in his nature) enjoy the confidence of three congregations till he disgraced them severally and all. Now this ought not to be so. The heads of congregations ought to have at least for their pastors men of sober, upright, and pure character. And they ought to be not less assiduous to discover the moral fitness of their ministers than of their household servants. They better have no public service, and no public cause, than a service and a cause sustained by unworthy men. There are abundant facilities for discovering the moral worth of the men who offer themselves for the Christian ministry; none of these ought to be neglected. Let the moral-blind signalman find some other sphere of making a living, and let him be told so, and publicly exposed if he does not take the hint. The trader and commercial man who is unfit for business, and dishonest, ruins the secular affairs of society. The physician who is ignorant and unskilful spreads disease and suffering, and ruins the body. The minister who is an immoral man brings disgrace on the Church, ruins men's souls, and entails on society as well all the evils of the dishonest trader and the ignorant physician. "LOOK TO YOUR SIGNALMEN." Some are simply unfortunate, naturally disqualified; others are of a more shameful class. Both of them are unfit for the important positions they occupy. National disorganisation, family disasters, and individual ruin are all in the train of faithless, worthless pastors.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

By a Hindoo.

[Second Article.]

Young ladies live in their parents' houses as prisoners until they become sufficiently aged, or until in the course of time the relaxed constraint gives way to freedom. The youthful period is always passed in subjection; body, mind, and soul languish under the torment of ill-treatment. In fact, ill-treatment of superior relatives oftentimes proves the cause of such diseases as proceed from heaviness of heart and the violation of physical laws. What do you think would soon be the state of the health of woman when not allowed to eat of her own will—when hunger is regulated by the will of her superior relatives, and not by the craving of the body? It is considered in India a most shameful thing for a married lady of herself to desire to eat. When a young lady eats without the permission of her superior relative she is immediately pronounced greedy, voracious, and ill-bred, and this infamy spreads round the neighbourhood with electric speed. After a few minutes you will find the discussion of different families turn on the subject of the young lady's impertinence and want of good breeding. Some would say what a shameless person she is; some would infer from this that she must have come out of a poor and low family, and some would readily prophesy that she would ruin her husband by her prodigality. As a rule, a wife never eats with her husband; nay, must not eat in his presence. A wife must not eat the same thing as her husband—her superior relatives must make some distinction. Husbands, until they become quite independent and of good age, cannot interfere in the affairs of their wives. They must submit to the decision of their mother, sister, &c. If any husband, out of impatience, denounce the treatment of his wife by his mother, he will be cried down as vexatious. Their friends would at once rebuke him; everybody would consider him undutiful. While the case becomes worse with the wife, her mother-in-law becomes more severe to her. She is said to be the destroyer of peace in the family. The mother then becomes jealous of her son's favour. If the son fails to be partial to his mother he is sure to meet with remonstrance from his friends, and his mother, as an indication of her sorrow, will cry, abstain from food, and will ask the intercession of her friends and neighbours to decide the matter. The whole family then becomes the scene of constant feud and discontent. People from every quarter plead for the mother, for it is considered a great disobedience on the part of a son to interfere in the quarrel of his mother with his wife, which is inevitable and unavoidable. Hence, there is a saying among us that he who attends to the quarrels of women is a fool. Animosity runs so far between mother-in-law and wife that they even seek each other's ruin. There is not a family in the whole of Hindoo society where the husband has not to repine for the undeserved trouble of his wife. In truth, there is no happiness in a Hindoo family, owing to its being something like patriarchal. If there is one virtue in which Hindoo women excel all other nations it is their patience. It is needless to enumerate all the sort of disasters that befal their lot. One can have a faint idea of their suffering if he has watched the suffering of his own mind at the time of great vexation, resentment, and tribulation. One may readily believe that when vexation, resentment, and trouble are carried to excess they become the source of all the evil which the world has witnessed. I assure you that these vices, in a greater or less degree, reign almost in every Hindoo family. Then imagine how miserable is the state of women, how piteous their condition. In my next I shall describe the condition of Hindoo widows, which is still more lamentable.

PRAYERS WITHOUT WORDS.—

Ere on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to love compose,
In humble trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a sense of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me everywhere,
Eternal strength and wisdom are.

Coleridge.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

—o—

POPE AGAINST POPE.—Pope Innocent XII. excommunicated all who used tobacco in any form, while Pius IX. smokes and uses snuff.

A MEDIATOR.—Dr. J. B. Lightfoot mentions that the number of interpretations put upon the simple expression, "Now a mediator is not a mediator of one, but God is one"—amount to 250 or 300.

BENEVOLENCE.—The words which Walter Scott puts in the mouth of Jeanie Deans, in her memorable address to the Queen, are true as they are beautiful: "When the hour of trouble comes—and seldom may it visit your leddy-hip—and when the hour of death comes, to high and low—lang and late may it be yours, O, my leddy, it is na what we have done for our-sel's, but what we have done for others, that we think on most pleasantly."

A LIBERAL CHURCH.—Rev. Robert Collyer, Unitarian Minister of Chicago, claims that his is the most liberal Protestant Church in the country, having contributed within thirteen months 86,000 dols. for Church purposes, and 20,000 dols. for a theological school, *i.e.*, £21,200 in one year and one month. Mr. Collyer will visit England and preach in our churches in 1871. We hope he will stir up the spirit of giving among our churches.

DICKENS ON SUDDEN DEATH.—Dickens often expressed a longing for a sudden death, and he was not the man to assert an opinion for mere word's sake. One who knew him states, walking across Kensington-gardens one day with Dickens, a thunder storm suddenly came. As the rain began to descend, the great novelist proposed shelter beneath the trees. "No," said his heroic but timid friend, "that is too dangerous. Many people have been killed beneath trees from the effects of lightning." "Well," said Dickens, turning and looking earnestly at his friend, "of all the fears that harass a man on God's earth, the fear of sudden death seems to me the most absurd, and why we pray against it in the litany I cannot make out. A death by lightning most resembles the translation of Enoch."

ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK I. OF PRUSSIA.—One evening, being too unwell to read his usual devotions, he called upon his *valet de chambre* to read prayers. In the prayer occurred the words, "May God bless thee." The servant not deeming it respectful to use thee, in reference to the king, took the liberty to change the phrase, and read it; "May God bless you." The King, exasperated, hurled something at the head of the speaker, exclaiming: "It is not so, read it again." The terrified servant, not conceiving in what way he had done wrong, read again: "May God bless you." The irascible monarch, having nothing else he could grasp, took off his nightcap and threw it in the man's face, exclaiming: "It is not so; read it over again." The servant, frightened almost out of his senses, read for the third time: "May God bless you." "*Thee*, rogue," shouted the king: "'May God bless '*thee*.' Dost thou not know, rascal, that, in the eyes of God, I am only a miserable rascal like thyself?"

LIFE.—Rev. Charles Brooks was asked, "What is the shortest sketch of human life?" He answered thus:—"At ten, a child; at twenty, wild; at thirty, strong, if ever; at forty, rich; at fifty, wise; at sixty, good, or never."

ARNOLD'S LAST PRAYER.—The last prayer of Dr. Arnold, written in his journal an hour or two before his death:—"Above all, let me mind my own personal work, keep myself pure, and zealous, and believing—labouring to do God's work, yet not anxious that it should be done by me rather than by others, if God disapprove my doing it."

A JEWISH REFORMATION.—The San Francisco *Bulletin*, of recent date, says:—"The old Jewish custom has been for many years that in the synagogue the men and the women should sit apart. An attempt to do away with this form of the olden time has been made by several members of the sect within the last few weeks, and on Sunday last a meeting was held in the synagogue to decide what course should be taken upon the matter. Some argued that the manner of the ancient Jews should be adhered to, and some that the sect should not be an exception to the general custom of civilised nations at the present time. A vote was taken on the matter, with the result of eighty-eight in favour of the sexes sitting together, and twenty-four on the other side of the question. Henceforward, therefore, it is decided that the proximity of ladies does not interfere in the least with devotional exercises."

WANTED EVERYWHERE.—Ten men who will do just as they agree, provided subsequent events, after making their promises, should show something to their interest to violate their word. Ten persons who will plainly and fearlessly speak and act for the right, regardless of what others say or do. Ten persons who believe, and will show by their actions that a legal enactment cannot cancel a moral oblication, and that the taking the Bankrupt Act does not pay for value received. Ten persons whose religious life shall so permeate all of their life and business transactions, that evil speaking, gossipping, tattling, &c., shall not be found in them, "Israelites indeed." Any community having these articles to spare will oblige us by reporting soon, as this and some other places that we know of are greatly in need of them.

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